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The Black Rose



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Chapter 1 by Zara Rose

I was in the office of the school, getting another lecture from Mr. Parker about how smoking wasn't allowed on school property. I wasn't really paying attention, so I had no idea where we were in the lecture. I simply stared at the fattened man, who was turning blue. He looked quite ridiculous, in my opinion. Finally, he paused to take a breath.

"Are you even listening to me?" Mr. Parker asked in a raspy voice that reminded me of a snake hissing.

"No," I said, and I watched with mild amusement as his face turned blue again. "Can I leave now?"

"You can leave now since you are now expelled!" Mr. Parker shouted at me, making me wipe off some of his spit from my face. I jumped up, grabbed my stuff, and headed for the door of his office. "Where are you going?"

"You said I can leave since I'm expelled," I said as I walked out the door. I could hear him shouting my name, but I didn't care enough to look back or respond to him.

I was walking down the hall when my only friend came up beside me. She was grinning like a fool. She probably heard the principal yelling at me-heck, the whole school heard him yelling.

"So, you finally pushed the last button?" Vicky asked as she pulled out two cigarettes from her pocket and handed one to me. I lit it before I responded.

"Yep," I said in a smug voice. It was hard getting on Mr. Parker's bad side since he forgave everyone so easily, but somehow I managed. Vicky grinned at her. "He was even turning blue."

"You got some serious skills," she said, blowing a puff of smoke. "Where will ya be going this time?"

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"Don't know," I said truthfully, Belton High was my sixth school in six months. None were right for me. "Maybe my parents will ship me out of the state."

My parents were a touchy topic for me. They were big-time lawyer actors and were never home. The only time they ever talked to me was to ask why I got expelled from school, 'what are we gonna do with you?' No 'I love you' or 'How are you?' That's probably why I've become such a delinquent. Vicky knew this, so she quickly changed the topic.

"Well, once you know, you have to steal me away from this place," she said in a pleading voice that I just had to laugh at.

"Okay, I will," I promised her, but the truth was that I would probably forget about her in a week. I never remember anyone for more than a week. We finally reached the end of the lot where my black BMW sat. I turned to Vicky. "See ya later."

"Bye," she said as she backed away, towards the school. "Cause a whole lot of problems wherever you're going."

"Will do!" I shouted back and chuckled softly as I got in my car.

I backed out of the parking space, and without looking back at the school, drove back to the mansion that my parents had bought and spent a total of ten minutes in for the whole six months we were there.

We had moved to Belton, Texas because of my problems with the former schools, and since my father was a big-time lawyer actor in a ritzy new film, we used to live in California, which I had loved. They were talking last night about moving to Maryland to get a fresh start with the schools and whatnot. I think they wanted to move again because they thought I would be less of a problem or something like that. I will probably cause way more problems since they're talking about moving again and aren't asking me a single question about it.

I glared at the mansion that was at the front of my car. I hated it. It was a gorgeous dwelling, don't get me wrong, but it was a symbol: symbol that reminded me that my parents wouldn't be home, and that I was truly alone in the world. I groaned as I put my car in park and walked to the front door. The double French doors seemed to be mocking me. I slammed the door shut once I was inside, not knowing that my parents were indeed home and in the living room.

"What are you doing home from school, young lady?" asked my father in a tone that was

stupid. I was expelled from California for being a delinquent. I was expelled. And now I expected my father to be home.

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As any lame teenager would say 'My parents don't get me.' I'm a little different though. They really don't get me. They have no idea what's going on in my life. They think I'm straight. I'm bi. They think I care about school: I could give a shit. The truth is, they think I'm human. I have no idea what I am. All I know is that when I get hurt I heal immediately and a black rose shows up in my room every night.

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